

New-York, May 6, 1837.

My dear Wife:

5-8 Not the less dear because I am in the great American Babylon, and you ^{are} in the Literary Emporium. But I cannot love you in one place better than ⁱⁿ any other - nor dislike you any where, unless, indeed, you become a very different woman from what you now are.

Well - we left No. 5, Hayward Place, in a great hurry, you know - not sure that we should arrive in season at the Depot, but we did. Waited 10 minutes before starting, and had time to eat two oranges which I bought for you, and two cakes which I intended for Dordie Topsy - that was my dinner, and, so far as the oranges appertained to it, you will admit was a very good one. Felt perfectly satisfied myself. Found several abolition friends in the car - among them, Amasa Walker, and two female delegates from Salem, and one from Roxbury. Took Julia Williams in with us as a matter of course, but expected she would be ordered out, as some of the passengers and by-standers cast certain significant glances at each other. On the whole, they probably supposed, or at least were willing to think, that she was our servant. Arrived in Providence at half past 3. Usheered the ladies, Miss Julia included, into the Ladies' cabin, and secured them berths. We afterward managed it very well. Had Miss Williams gone down to tea last evening, or to breakfast this morning, no doubt a great commotion would have been stirred up - to prevent which, and to keep the secret to ourselves, we had tea and breakfast brought up to her,

and Mary took hers in the same manner. We had rather a rough passage, and the ladies were all more or less sick - Mary very slightly, however. In the night, the weather was very thick - we had much thunder and lightning, and some rain. The boat was struck by a squall, and laid over on her side, (and I believe slightly struck the shore,) so as to alarm some who were awake; but I was asleep, and knew nothing of the affair. We arrived safely, however, this morning, at 8 o'clock - baggage all safe. Took a carriage, and drove to the Anti-Slavery Rooms, to know what to do with my female friends. Saw bro. Stanton, Gould, Goodell, &c. &c.; but no provision had been made for any body. Knew not what to do, nor where to drive to. Finally, drove to the Graham boarding-house, - full, - could not accommodate even one of us. Drove to another house in John-street, where I succeeded in leaving Miss Pope. Then drove to Read-st. to bro. Phelps, and left Mary, to be accommodated somehow and any how. Then drove to a colored boarding-house in Leonard-st. and left Miss Williams. Then had myself driven (not in a slaveholding sense, but "with my own consent,") to Dr. Cox's, in Prince-st. Saw the Dr., but not Mrs. G. He inquired particularly about little George's case - does not believe it is the scrofula - and thinks it ought not to have been lanced. Hopes I will get some skilled surgeons to look at it - &c.

I am now at the Anti-Slavery Office, and delegates are coming in fast. Cannot learn that any thing has been done respecting the Ladies' Convention. The Grimké's have not returned from Philadelphia, and much dependence on the score of arrangements has been placed upon them. They will probably be here on Monday; and I suppose the female delegates will hold a preliminary meeting on Monday afternoon, in the lessons' room of the Tabernacle Church. Weld left the city for Hartford a few days since, and will not be here during the meetings. - This step was required by the state of his health.

I forgot to say that the hackman (colored) changed me three dollars and a half hack hire for our ride from the boat - paid him \$3 - at least one more than he ought to have received.

If you should receive this letter to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon or evening, and friend Knapp should be the bearer of it, tell him to be sure and send as many copies of my Annual Report as friend Southard or May ^{can} bring conveniently. Hope he will attend to this. Tell him bro - Stanton was much pleased to get his box of Reports.

Poor, dear little George! How I have mourned to think that his foot was probed and lanced afresh yesterday. Hope the symptoms are no worse. Kiss the little sufferer again and again for the sake of his loving father, and of

Your affectionate husband,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison,

13 Done to all at home.

PAID

Single - Paid,

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,

Care of Mr. Isaac Knapp,

25, Cornhill,

Boston, Mass.

